

Dear Ephesus, The Morning Sings

Held by cobwebs.
Breathed the dirty morning air.
Hear the writing.
From the poet's pen laid bare.
And I would reach to you.
If I could lift my hands.
And I would take a breath.
If I could kill the hate inside of me.
Know the healing.
Of the teachers words come light.
Oh I will thrust my heart to you on my way.
I will raise my eyes to you on my face.
I will love my love to thee most holy.
Meet the seagull.
As he rises on the winds.
Hear the laughter.
As the child bears his grin.
And oh it breaks the life.
If one must grasp for sleep.
Feels jilted by the bough.
God save the queen we are lost save the tree.
Be still.